

had special music and the government to back them. The little brother and sister Austrians lost by a half of a point. Louise and I had a splurge dinner. Then I joined a Hamburg party and Louise was skating. I ate all evening, as usual, it seems that's the past time in Germany, eating all the time. I did the German waltz was perfect and I lost my hat but, of course came home at a late hour with two Herr's, Kloth and Eber.

[February 14:]

Up early to go to Austria and buy German marks. We met two nice American lads on the train, who had paled around with Mr. Merry from the chinaware at Eatons. They went on to Switzerland. I have never seen more beautiful scenery, mountains as far as the eye could see and the train wiggled along the mountain side as you saw it ahead of you and then it disappeared. It would go down a huge valley where a river separated the two ranges and villages nestled on the plateau. You saw ski tracks or animal trails. I missed seeing the goats and hearing the yodels.

Austrian officials were quite mannerly and finally arrived at Innsbrook. It was a very quaint town but somewhat run down and neglected looking. We had dinner at a nearby hotel. The shilling and the other money was a novel to us and we had trouble figuring it all out. Walked through crooked streets and a novel arcade to see a modern avenue. One saw beautiful sculpture and iron work everywhere. It was the land of beautifully sculptured buildings and iron. Got some peasant pins and souvenirs from the



land of Tyrol, then back to Germany where the officials seemed glad to see me. Dinner and window shopping concluded the evening. Must decide when to go to Cologne.

[February 15:]

Saturday we went to see the singles, and there we found again that Sonja Henie came first and Cecilia Colledge second and Vivian Haultain third. I had a very late dinner at the Platz following this and were joined by two nice German flying officers. We had a time disposing of them, and afterwards we joined the people of the house and went dancing with them at the Alphonhof, with Peter Kloth and his two friends and one of their sisters. One was a medical student at Munich and told us that he'd had thirteen bloody fights duelling at college in high honour and had a few tiny scars on his face. (That was supposed to designate that you were even a good fencer because you never put a mask on.) We met two other lads from this same organization and one stuck to me like a leach. I could stand it as he was good looking and a marvellous dancer, his name Fritz Stumpf. We danced all the rest of the evening together then on to another hotel with the same gang. We ended the grand affair with as to how I would not let him drive me home. As I came with the others I couldn't let our house down, so that's the way that was disposed of.

[February 16:]



Sunday was a lazy day, I slept a lot then went out to dinner and back at the house.

[February 17:]

After packing I left for Omerabagau in a car with two Germans and three French people, none spoke English. It was fun though. We drove through the mountains to Ettel, a mountain monastery noted for its' benedictine made by the monks there. The buildings were large, paintings beautiful on high ceilings. The corridors were cold and damp with burial tombs around the side and different plaques. One of the two eyes in pearls. We went on to King Ludwig's castle. (He was the mad king of Bavaria.) We went through it, it was certainly gilded. The dining room dropped table, the bedroom chandeliers, pictures, paintings and sculpture combined and then the grotto, a weird cove with a turning door of stones to get into seeing underground rivers and a lake. The houses, paintings, and a couch boat. Here the king watched the orchestra and the indirect coloured lights play on the artificial rocks. From all this we went to Omerabagau and saw the passion theatre which was closed. We called at several noted places including Aloys Long who had a lovely place but was away (and he was the one who took the role of Christ; he had a beautiful face.)

Returned home after coffee in time to bid farewell to house Hamburg and made our Munich train. It was very late and had only ten minutes to dress and get to the olympic ball, with the



Cochranes (all the people). It was a theatre ballroom with lavish decorations. Champagne for all and beer in the cellar with sausage and pretzels. Engraved steins were given to us as souvenirs. It was a great party. The olympic NS girls were hostesses.

[February 18:]

We went through the Deutsches museum next day. It was marvellous. I liked the architecture, it was very modern. After dinner we went on around with Hartley, an American skier from Boston, who saw us off on the train. The schlafwagons are most comfortable. Better then the Pullmans. We changed trains and on to Hanover. It was pouring rain. Then clearing. We were at the Esplanade Hotel. We saw Swedish and Hungarian hockey, no boards again. A Hungarian coach is a friend of Agatha Fedak, Mrs. Marx now. We were the guests of the Swedish team at a beer garden and I was with Bunt Roberts from Winnipeg who is coaching at Hamburg, and Louise with the Swedish captain who is a real knock out. Had pictures taken with the Swedish and we danced on tables, got a Nazi flag and had one grand time. Went on later to night clubs, now a unique mosque floor (and the lights came through it of all different colours.) We were very late but had much fun.

[February 19:]

After lunch we went with the Japanese team and the British Cliffs to call on Lord Mayor of Hamburg. We call our city old



from 1814 but their they have records from 800. We were shown through the chambers after we had wined with his lordship. Paintings, marble ceilings and works, leather or felt walls, two ton chandeliers and all paneled and carved by 15 year old (Nazi) youth, really was quite outstanding.

The hockey game with Japan was most amusing. Two Canadians there, Art Brant from Toronto and Bill Bedford swamped the Japs. Peter Meyer, a German engineer, and McKano, the Fin olympic star plus three German players and myself went to the night club CaPo, a very modern exclusive night club. There were three pianos and they were heavenly. (There we were dined and wined,) they were all good dancers. The men sang in English. The dance floor was of glass and lighted in various squares. Peter Mac and I danced all night and did not meet the others as we were didn't want to leave the music--Peter's uncle is a director of the Panama Canal and he was offered 600 a month and he wanted to know if that was reasonable (a good salary to go there but he declined). Peter has a cold but he gave me his Hamburg pin.

[February 21:]

Friday we drove and went sailing on the Hamburg harbour. First of all going down an elevator which took horses, cars, bicycles, etc., along. There was a beautiful sculpture way down under. The tunnel crossed under the Elbe. The harbour was very busy and had many channels and lanes for loading and shipping. (It was in this tunnel during world war two that a bomb landed



and many lives were lost.) After afternoon shopping Bill B. and I went to the Alsterhaus Pavilion for tea with the gang. He tried every conceivable excuse to make us stay over but arrangements were made and we left after dinner at the hotel that night with our Canadian gang to see us off. We nearly missed the train.

[February 22:]

On Saturday we arrived in Brussels and were met by Mr. and Mrs. Mattysons and skating people. We went to the hotel Atlanta and then to the rink. It is indoor cabaret style, mirrors and many lights are targets of the hockey players. Met one, an Estonian plum from Toronto, small world. People sit around and drink tea with skates on. Went on to dinner at a modern club, where we had gorgeous dinner and danced. The Mattysons, a Norwegian diplomat. We went on to a Russian club where decorations were unique the dance room in red curtains and Russian pictures. Tables had lights in the tops. Dancers threw knives and there was the usual Russian tenor and good music. It was late when we got home, rather tired after all.

[February 24:]

Louise skated twice and then we had dinner at the hotel, then changed after the evening performance, then went to the Norges Club where they had a night club in the rink plus a cabaret. Rushed home to change then on to another club which had



a great show, John Boler, English were a scream. From International Harvester knows Duncan who lived in Hamilton. Lim Plum formerly at Eatons and now Brussels hockey player was along. Danced late, then out to the Mattysons home for scrambled eggs. Their house was beautiful. They were forced to house German Officers during the war. Reception rooms on main floor with drawing rooms on second and bedrooms on third. Lovely gardens and roof gardens included pools. They had two dogs, one a great dane.

[February 25:]

Leaving Brussels, we met a Chicago Buyer in the station as we started for Paris. Reaching Paris we stayed at the Majestic Hotel, once the property of the Queen of Spain. Our room was nice, the bathroom immense with a tip basin. The hotel is so large I continually go down the wrong corridor or into mirrors. To bed early!

[February 26:]

Visiting the Palais des sports, we got pins and reg. The building was huge, containing a bicycle track where they practised at 50 miles per hour behind a motorcycle. At the same time the skaters practised. Louise and I later had tea with Harriott Elliott at International House situated in the Students Quarter. On the streets we saw a take off of an attacked premier



in the arms of the police. Later we attempted the opera but found it closed--so on home.

Met Harriett who took me to the Notre Dame Cathedral where we saw a service. The windows and architecture was beautiful. We went on to the Sorbonne where I attended a lecture by Prof. Stasaki. The lecture room had the decks in tiers, theatre style. Paintings covered one wall. The boys piled their coats on the prof's desk with only a hole in the middle for him to park his beard. The lecture was in French, so I read a French Grammar and wrote my notes here. Went to dinner in a French home at Mde. Marieau. Having a early late dinner we gossiped and went to bed. Alcazar.

[February 27:]

Thursday, Louise and I shopped, then Harriett came to tea. She read cups and had a good time. Went on to the Palais Des Sports then to a late dinner at ten.

[February 28:]

Friday shopped more in Layfette, Galleries, Printemps.... Like our stores better. Stayed at the hotel and so to bed.

[February 29:]

Mr. Hopps called with Mr. Stevenson and drove us to Versailles. We had a gorgeous steak dinner at Cock Hardy, a road



house more like the Old Mill [in Toronto]. It was simply stuffed with treasures and in summer would have beautiful terraced gardens. Reaching St. Germain we saw the Louis Museum then on to the Castle at Versailles where an English speaking guide took us hurriedly through. The Chapel was most beautiful with paintings and sculpture. The ceiling one of the best in Europe. Bedrooms, reception rooms, dining rooms, all had the glamour and fit decorations of King Louis. Louis the 14th had his head cut off. The fifteenth died of smallpox, and the 16th died of gangrene. We saw the staircase where the angry mobs dashed up to seize royalty during the revolution, and where the queen escaped through secret panelled passages. The most interesting was the panelled hall where the peace treaty was signed. It was very long, mirrored, and with beautiful crystal chandeliers. The table used for the signatures, signed one at a time, was of rosewood, Louis style and not ornate. The hall now is empty like most of the rooms and is not as appealing as the Oriole Parkway Duplese. The gardens outside although not green could well be pictured. Huge pools with fountain and life size figurines, trimmed hedges, trees, and canals and rivers made it beautiful beyond description during summer time.

Returning hastily to Paris we took the lovely park drive home. Louise rested before going to the worlds champ where Mrs. Cliff and I sat together and Mrama the 11 year old Japanese girl sat on my lap. She is so unconcerned and speaks little English. She made folded crafts from paper most of the time. Louise and



Stewart did very well indeed. A fall with a quick recovery won admiration from the crowd. They easily won fourth place. The Cliffs 3rd, Passons second, Herber Baier first.

Meeting the Eatonian Buyers we stayed and saw the hockey games (more Canadian players). It lasted until 12:30. Going to the Hotel we met the Mattysons from Brussels who joined us and we went to the Voluptuse, an other undressed show, but fortunately the girls were a little better looking. I've decided our costumed shows are certainly a lot more interesting. We went to some nice spot for bacon and eggs, then returned to the hotel and met Louise who had been to the Banquet.

[March 1:]

After thanking the Eatonians and saying good-bye to the Mattysons, we packed from 5 o'clock till 6:30 and arose at 7:45. On leaving the Hotel Majestic we learned Stew had had a mishap with the Paris police. We'll hear of it after. Our train trip was very nice and so was the channel trip which surprised us greatly. A skating pro. talked most of the way across while I dozed. We arrived at New Haven, a port with a fort at the entrance which I was told, housed 2000 troops and munitions during the war. Taking the train we arrived in London and at Hotel Piccadily at 6:30, o'clock and met Stew for dinner who told us his story of an argument with the taxi driver over 50 centimes which included gendarmes, missing his early train and a fist fight, making peace on leaving, he took movies of them. Let it





The **Margaret Eaton School Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit resource created in 2014-2015 to assist scholars, researchers, educators, and students to discover the Margaret Eaton School archives housed in the Peter Turkstra Library at Redeemer University College. Copyright of the digital images is the property of Redeemer University College, Ancaster, Canada and the images may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email digital images for individual non-commercial use. To learn more about this project or to search the digital collection, go to <http://libguides.redeemer.ca/mes>.